



The Story Club

by Edmund Vance Cooke



Furry in a Hurry—Part II.

"It just happened," continued Gabbleoff, "that I had my airgun slung to my back, just for looks, you know, and I had carried it up the tree with me, because I didn't have time to take it off. So I binged him one just for luck. Of course, it wasn't more than a fly bite to him, but it took his mind off Truepenny a second. Then Merrymouth swung his knife like a spear or harpoon or something and threw it at the bear and that

about as fool a thing as anyone could think of.

"I'd always heard that animals are afraid of fire, but I knew it took more than a parlor match to scare 'em. Anyway, at first the matches all went out, 'cause True was in such a hurry he didn't let 'em get burning good. Then he tried letting 'em get a good start and shooting 'em with a rubber elastic, but they went out quicker than ever.

"So when he climbed down



attracted his attention to Merry. First thing we knew he begun to climb Merry's tree. He could climb, too, and I begun to think one bear would have meat for dinner that day.

"Well, sir, Truepenny's tree was right close to Merrymouth's and what did Truepenny do but take out a match box and begin to throw lighted matches at the bear, which seemed to me to be

nearer and tossed them gently as he could. You can toss a match fifteen or twenty feet when it isn't lit, but it won't go quite so far when it's burning and it's the very dickens making it stay lit. But at last one did and it lodged right in old Mr. Bear's long fur and the fur was dry on the ends and oily underneath, but even at that the old bear didn't seem to notice.